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**GROWING PEANUTS.**

Their Original Home Shrouded in Mystery.

There is much doubt as to the original home of the peanut. Some claim that it is indigenous to Africa; others that it was a native of South America, and was carried by the earlier explorers of that country to Spain, and thence to Africa. The earliest authentic tradition tells of its appearance in Eastern North Carolina, probably brought there by some of the slave-ships landing cargoes along the coast. The native Africans recognized and used them.

Peanuts grow upon a trailing vine with leaves much resembling a small four-leaved clover. The small yellow flower it bears is shaped like the blossom of all the pea family; indeed, the Agricultural Bureau in Washington does not recognize the peanut as a nut at all, but classes it among beans. The soil in which it is cultivated must be light and sandy; after the flower falls away, the flower-stalk elongates and becomes rigid, curving in such a way as to push the forming pod well below the surface of the earth; if by any accident this is not done, the nut never matures.

They are planted in rows about three feet apart, and the vines spread until the ground is covered by them. Harvesting is done after the first frost, and the yield is often 100 bushels to the acre making this a more profitable crop than wheat or cotton. The vines, with the nuts clinging to them, are torn up with hooked hoes, and then stacked to cure. In about a fortnight the nuts are picked off, the empty ones, which are technically called "pops," being rejected. This is done by hand, and is slow work, as an expert laborer can pick only three bushels a day. They come into market in a rough, dirty state, unassorted, and with vine tendrils clinging to the pods.

Eastern Virginia and North Carolina produce all the peanuts consumed in the United States and Canada.—Blue and Gray.

**Home Perfumes Easily Made.**

Although strong perfumes are considered vulgar, a faint suggestion on the other hand is indicative of refinement. We all know how delightful is the delicately pungent smell of the pot-pourri of rose leaves in a fresh, well-aired drawing room, or the breath of violets which is just apparent, and no more, about the person of a "femme bien soignée." In olden times ladies themselves were wont to prepare their own perfumes; and to judge by the recipes handed down from our grandmothers the fair dames of those days had a much more pronounced taste for musk and patchouli than would be deemed consistent with refined taste and good form in these days. It is a pretty, dainty chemistry for a woman to acquire, however, and as sachet powder in small quantities is more or less expensive, and the result, besides being really better if the ingredients are purchased separately and then mixed together, many ladies, according to the New York Tribune, prefer to make their own sachet powder themselves.

A good recipe for violet sachet is to mix two pounds of powdered Florentine orris root with a pound of rose petals, a pound of cassia flower heads, a pound of black currant leaves, a fourth of a dram of attar of almonds and half a pound of powdered gum benzoin. Mix well and sift, and let the powder stand in a tight glass jar for a week before using. Pot-pourri of lavender is a delicious scent for a linen closet. For this allow a pound of dried lavender, the same of rose leaves, half a pound of coarsely crushed orris root, two ounces of broken cloves, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of allspice and a pound of dry table salt. Keep in an air-tight jar a couple of weeks before using. Rose sachet powder is also very easy to make, consisting of a pound of rose petals, half a pound of ground sandalwood and a fourth of an ounce of attar of roses; this, too, must be kept a week or two in the covered jar before being ready for use.

**For Whom Do They Dress?**

The question is one that always interests the public. A large number of respectable people hold that women dress to please men. Another class, equally numerous, insist that they project and execute elegant toilet in order to provoke the admiration and envy of other women. The truth is that women dress themselves in tasteful and beautiful fabrics because they are women.

It is a fact to be thankful for that all the fads of all the reformers in creation cannot reform the inherent delight of the civilized woman in beautiful and graceful things. If she lived in a country without a man in it, she would still regard the fit and hue of her garments as matters of essential importance.

Of course women are not unmindful of the opinion of the opposite sex. They like admiring glances when it is respectful, and they are a great deal happier when their dress is cordially praised by the one particular man whose approbation they value above most things terrestrial.

But they select their garb, primarily, not to gain masculine flattery, but in obedience to the dominant instinct which makes the modern woman a constantly refining and uplifting force.

**A Striking Resemblance.**

He was the son of a worthy citizen and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no love for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars and various other insignia of duedom. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office and then blurted out:—"Young man, you look like an idiot."

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in. "Why, hello, Billy, have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!"

"So he has been telling me," replied Billy, smiling covertly. From that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.

If a man is good to the poor, let him be good his own way.